

THE FLAPPER; A DEFENSE

By Adrian Van Muffling
(In reply to "Anxious Mother")

IN last Sunday's Tribune, a cultured young woman who confesses to the age of thirty-three and signs herself "Anxious Mother," presents to us her son—"this marly little son of mine, who has just rounded out his thirteenth year of life and stands confident and opinionated upon the threshold of life." With charming frankness she exposes him to our scrutiny and says: "Here, look him over and tell me what is the matter with him. I don't know."

Throughout her article there breathes a deep current of love and sympathy—even of understanding. He boy is her all, that is evident. "There have been no secrets of life that we have not shared." (That boy is fortunate, indeed!) And yet she stands bewildered—she cannot understand the change that has taken place about her. Even while she admits having been considered "extremely and wild" by her own parents . . . a mere eighteen or twenty years ago.

The real topic of her article is the flapper, whom she has been studying through her son's eyes and by noting his and sundry of his schoolmates' reactions to that most recent product of our civilization. The Flapper—poor thing—is the most discussed, praised and damned thing to-day, except perhaps Messrs. Volstead and Sumner. Also, the most sincere . . . the most natural . . . the most fearless and healthiest type of womanhood the world has seen in many a century. The Flapper is Modern Woman, the female of Man (that most imperfect animal) naked and unashamed. She is what countless generations of her ancestresses would have liked to be, but never dared. Like the man of the motto, she looks the world in the face and tells it to go to hell. And who can deny her that right?

May I, a mere man of "Anxious Mother's" own generation, take pen in hand to present one frank viewpoint of her dilemma? Consider the flapper and her generation. Its most salient feature is frankness. Frankness in dress, in speech, in morals and manners, and in toleration of human foibles. It knows life and stands fearlessly before it. "Forewarned is forearmed," and, as I see it, flapperism is merely the outward manifestation of the inner consciousness of the forewarning process. It is the awakening and recognition of sex. The elder generations shudder but the younger glories in it.

Let us put the problem frankly. There is far less secrecy in matters of sex to-day than there has been in the past . . . and who would return to the old days of hypocritical denial of knowledge that was thrust upon one at every street corner and every school yard? Open any newspaper—and you are confronted with the hard, cold facts of life on every page. Here, a man kills his wife's lover; there, a woman sues the father of her illegitimate child; over yonder the paternity of a child of a prominent couple is questioned, not omitting a wealth of dates and hotel registrations. Or open any book—books, I mean, of serious, deep thinking writers of our own generation. They can be had for the asking at any library. . . . and you will find birth and death, and love and life, discussed and analyzed and dissected until they stand revealed in all their ugliness . . . and all their beauty. And the flapper and the flopper, who are far from being fools, read—and mayhap begin to think about themselves in a new light and with a growing understanding.

If wisely directed the minds of your sons and daughters will not suffer thereby—rather they will be ennobled and fortified against the inevitable temptations and troubles of the future. For knowledge kills curiosity; and curiosity has been the cause of more ruin and "immorality" and heartbreak than frank, acknowledged understanding.

While I do not personally agree with the feeling that the war has "lowered the moral standard," it cannot be denied that flapperism is one of its developments. The war brought out the best in us and the worst in us; it overthrew ancient conventions and exposed established shams. Since a different tone, a different outlook, a more animalistic and materialistic view of life prevails. Old bars of maiden prudery and adolescent hypocrisy have been removed—let us hope forever. "We are the coming men and women" is the cry of the new adolescence. "We carry the seed of future generations. We want to know what stands before us." The older generation, brought up in other traditions, in other aspirations, looks on and cannot understand.

There was when a girl's culminating ambition was to draw a meal ticket, to become a wife, a faithful mother to some one's children, and nothing else. For the sake of that goal she even closed her eyes when realizing that friend husband would come home for his fireside, but went poaching in other preserves for his pleasure; and she lost her self-respect thereby.

Modern conditions are changing that passive viewpoint. The new generation stands on its own feet. The girls can go into the business world and earn their own meal tickets. They look about them at the world and see that it is good and want to enjoy it to the fullest, the best of it and the worst of it. And when they mate they do so with their eyes open and do not have to step to the altar believing in a providential stork—a matter responsible for much misery and unhappiness in former generations, as any doctor will tell you. With an eye to biology and eugenics they subconsciously give every possible male the once-over, even to considerable empiricism in kissing and "petting" or "necking," or whatever it is called. And a very wise and natural process of selection thus goes on.

Vicious? Immoral? Not a bit. Merely the breaking of chains and final relaxation of centuries of inhibitions. The pendulum perhaps has swung a bit fast, as indeed it always does. But never fear, it will swing back. To stop it, it would be easier to stem Niagara.



GOATHAM ARABIAN NIGHTS



Tale of the Caliph's Countenance Which Outruddied the Blazes on the Waterfront

By FREDERIC F. VAN de WATER

Illustrations by Jefferson Machamer



Behold, if the good Caliph insisteth on a front row seat at all blazes, let him appear henceforth attired as a sandwich man

SOME there be, O ye of the faith, who seek relaxation from the woes of the world in the perfumed courts of the harem and there, 'mid the soft voice of waters and the song of lute and dulcimer, forget pain and sorrow among the wives that Allah hath commanded us to take and cherish.

Yet others, when the burdens of the day become too oppressive, forsake the bazaars and the marts of commerce and withdraw to their own chambers and lose the oppression of the present in reading scrolls wherein the wisdom of ancient sages is written.

But the good Caliph Hy-lan, Emirs and Pashas all, even he whom his people called, among other things, the Lord of the Ruddy

Countenance, sought relaxation in other ways and by other means.

For behold, when the labor of his day was ended he repaired him not to the harem, neither coned he the books of ancient lore, but retired to his own place, and setting the fire alarm at his bedside and tucking his pants tops into his shoes and giving a final polish to the brass pole that extended from his own chamber to where before his chariot waited in readiness, laid him down to slumber until the voice of the gong should inform him that conflagration worthy of a caliph's presence had sprung up in the city.

Great, O Beys and Effendis all, was the love of the good Caliph for fires—greater even than the love of the firemen for the good Caliph. And it came to pass in time that men came to judge of the gravity of a blaze by determining whether it were sufficiently large to attract the presence of Hy-lan.

Now whence came the love of the good Caliph for the crackle and spouting of flames none knew. For some said: "He seeketh forever for a hue that matcheth the lambent glory of his own hair." And others spake, saying: "Nay, he knoweth that his presence in the field of danger encourageth his firemen to greater effort." Yet all hazarded at a venture and none knew the truth thereof. For behold, when the journals of Willi ibn Hearst appeared thrice in succession without carrying a picture entitled "His Honor, the Caliph Hy-lan Directing the Firemen at the Disastrous Blaze on the Waterfront," then tore the good Caliph his raiment and wept bitterly.

Yet nightly when the firemen labored most to check the spread of the fire that at that moment was threatening the city the good Caliph appeared among them. And moving amid the coils of hose and the spouting of smoke and the hurry hither and yon of men in haste he greeted them and bade them be of good cheer. And generally the tumult obscured what the fighters of the flames in their haste and heat bade him in return.

And the scribes of the press, thronging about the blaze, made note of his presence and informed their offices: "The good Caliph hath arrived and has the situation well in hand." And when word to this effect was printed in the journals of the city the Caliph Hy-lan smiled, and when he had finished his latest letter to Willi ibn Hearst summoned a servant, saying: "Mail this, slave, and then call up the chief of my fire fighters and find what conflagrations he expects to be able to offer me this evening."

Such, O howajis all, was the devotion of the good Caliph to the people of his city, and with the years his determination grew to attend all fires kindled by them. And it came to pass that in time the people of Bushwick learned to know when blazes of magnitude threatened the city by the whir as of a heavy

body descending a brass pole and the bump as of a heavy body landing and the roar as of a chariot carrying a heavy body forth to distant parts.

Now in time the firemen of the city grew reconciled to the presence of their Caliph at the post of danger. Yet it took time and experience to accomplish this. For cool and collected indeed was the chief who, laboring in the glow of flames, could look upon the visage of his lord shining through the smoke without rushing at once to the nearest fire alarm box and sending in summonses for more engines and a fireboat or two.

And in the tumult of the fire on many occasions young and ambitious firemen were dissuaded with difficulty on seeing the glowing face of the Caliph from turning a hose stream upon it or attacking it with an axe and a fire extinguisher.

And many plead with their chiefs, saying: "Behold, if the good Caliph insisteth on a front row seat at all blazes, let him appear henceforth attired as a sandwich man and let the boards he bears over chest and back be blazoned with 'This Is His Honor, the Caliph. Use no hose or hooks.'"

But the chiefs, being discreet men, let no word of this come to the ears of their lord.

And it came to pass in time that word of the good Caliph's delight in the prowess of his firemen came to the ears of Abdul el Inright, commander of the Mamelukes, and he complained at the favoritism displayed by Hy-lan, who shed the light of his countenance upon the burning of buildings, but cared not for the feats of warfare performed on the streets of the city, when Mamelukes who had looked too long upon the wine met those Mamelukes who had been less fortunate.

But the good Caliph soothed the feelings of Abdul el Inright with soft words, saying:

"Behold, bold warrior and traveler, the fires that it delighteth me to attend occur singly and seldom does one follow so quickly on the heels of another that I may not through swift driving by my charioteer hasten from the embers of the first to the flames of the second. But who, being a man of solid and indivisible body, can attend and witness the varied feats of prowess and skill performed by thy Mamelukes? Be content. Thy Caliph is not triplets and cannot appear with comfort in several places at once."

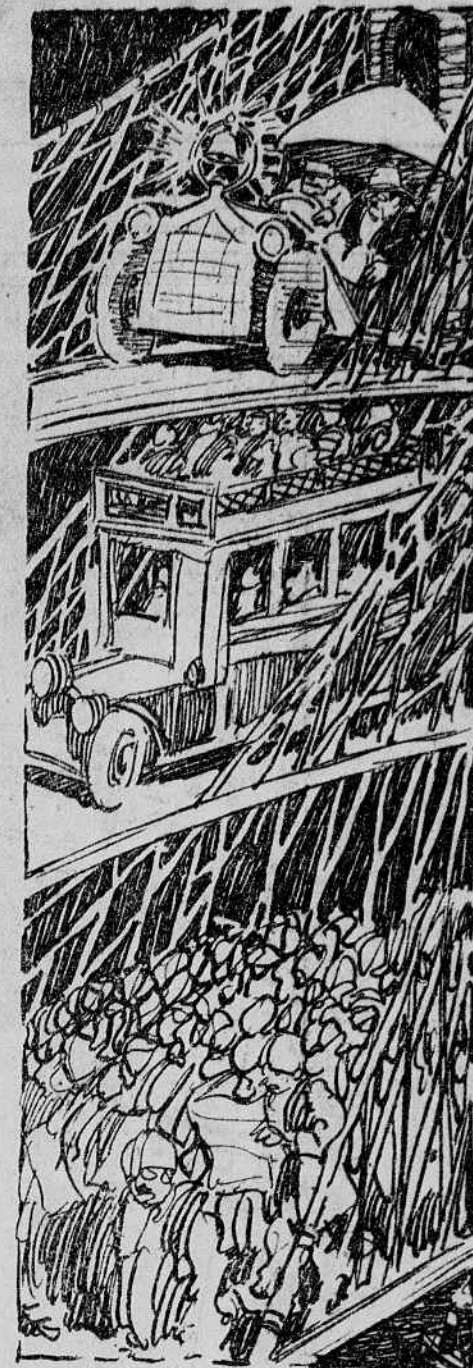
Now it came to pass, also, that inspiration visited Wha-len Pasha, keeper of the Caliph's buildings, as he sat one day idly thumbing a book of suiting samples for the snappy dresser and he hastened to the chamber of Hy-lan and, salaaming before his lord, spake, saying:

"Oh, Flame-Loving Phoenix, behold, I desire authority from thee to build a bridge."

And the good Caliph completed inscribing the final sentence of his daily letter to Willi ibn Hearst and spake as follows:

"Huh? Why a bridge?"

Then answered the Pasha Wha-len: "Behold, Fire Haunting Salamander, we have planned a Temple of Art and the contracts thereof will reward the faithful. And we have projected a War Memorial in the park, whereby others of the faith may receive their reward. Yet are there still others of Islam



The lower tier of the Caliph Causeway shall be for common folk; the middle for busses, the upper for the Caliph himself

who are filled with fidelity whom we have not given their deserts. Let me build a grand and stately bridge."

And the Caliph shook his head and replied: "Nonsense."

But the Pasha Wha-len was stout of heart and continued persuasively:

"Nay, Bonfire of Virtue, consider. We will build such a bridge as men have never seen. And it's name shall be Caliph Causeway. In three tiers shall we build it. The lower tier shall be for the common folk, and the middle tier shall be dedicated exclusively to thy fleet of busses, and the upper tier, O Caliph, shall extend to the door of thy home and across it as often as thou wilt thou shalt speed to the fires that need thy supervision."

And the good Caliph smiled and said: "It sounds like a pretty good idea at that."

GETTING TO SLEEP IN THE SUBURBS

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

IT WAS about 2 o'clock when I found the mosquito and left him nearly flattened against the ceiling as a horrible example.

A number of his friends and relatives were outside the screen looking wistfully in. But I decided not to worry about them till I heard their fresh, young voices uplifted in song about my ears.

I hadn't had any sleep the night before on account of an all day and all night thunder storm. I was much in need of rest.

It must have been 2:15 o'clock, while I was just in the "twilight zone," when the cat returned from a tour of the neighborhood, bringing a traditional enemy along with him. They reopened the old feud on the front porch and soon were engaged in vain boastings and mutual defiance.

One hiss led to another, till at last they went to fighting.

Some cats fight sporadically, deciding the issue with a few passes and a bite or two. Not so with our cat and this enemy of his. Each of these animals has a sublime confidence

in his ability to vanquish the other, provided he is left undisturbed long enough.

This conflict, which both obviously believed was to be final, began on the front porch, adjourned to the porch roof, was carried to the ledge of the sleeping veranda and continued behind one of the chimneys.

It was a fight that admitted of no neglect on the part of anybody within hearing, which included everybody within two or three blocks.

I was so sleepy that I decided to pay no attention to it, and might have gone to sleep dreaming that I was a caveman with an abode in the depths of the jungle; but one's neighbors in the jungle do not splatter bullets against one's window panes by way of rebuke to one's cat, or call one up on the telephone threatening to summon the Health Department and the police if one does not abate a nuisance.

So I got up, climbed over the roof in the darkness, picked up the contesting animals, which were so absorbed in their misunderstanding that they paid no attention to me, and hurled them into the darkness below.

My mistake was to hurl them together instead of separately. They fought all the way down and continued fighting when they landed, just as if nothing had happened. So at the risk of my neck I climbed down, found a plank by stumbling over it and belabored the brutes until they fed.



I picked up the contesting animals and hurled them below

she didn't eat with her knife, and she knew what was what.

Apparently Mack's mother did eat with her knife and hadn't the slightest idea of what was what, for Mack got irritated and said if personalities were to be shoved into the conversation he might as well take Mamie home and go to the bar; and, anyway, nobody ever appreciated his going without a night's sleep to take a girl to a dance and having to go right on the job within an hour of the time he got her home.

Mamie jumped down off the wall and started away and Mack followed her, and I could hear the murmur of their voices for a few minutes.

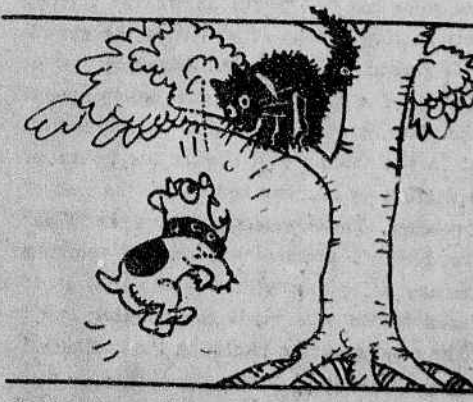
Then I went to sleep until Herman, the bull pup, discovered the cat coming home and chased him noisily up a tree.

By that time the sun was up, and the flies were relieving the mosquitoes on duty around my bed. So I got up and made preparations for the day.

It is lucky one has such a fine opportunity for a twenty-minute nap on the commutation train twice a day!

That's the way we suburbanites get most of our sleep.

(Copyright, 1922, by James J. Montague)



I slept until Herman, the pup, discovered the cat coming home

HUMAN MICE ABROAD

By Marie Chomel

NOW I know how a poor little mouse feels in a trap surrounded by waiting cats. I know how the mouse feels because that's the way I feel in a European hotel.

Every hotel houses a troupe of trained performers—trained to separate you from any money the hotel cashier has inadvertently overlooked. The troupe keeps a surveillance that has the Sing Sing death watch beaten a mile. Just let the tiniest hint of impending departure escape—and watch 'em come.

In evading one little query I have become qualified for the head of the class in evasion and for talking without giving out any information. This question, constantly asked by different members of hotel staffs is: "When are you leaving, madam?"

For I'm playing a deep, dark game—with the stakes a quiet sneak one day when nobody is looking. One morning I got up at 5 o'clock and departed, thinking to myself, "There simply cannot be a full line-up of the separate you-from-your-money staff so early in the day." You see, I figured that they had to sleep sometime. But I know now that they work in pairs and never leave a post unguarded.

On the morning in question only half of the usual team was present—so I got away with two waiters and one boots and two chambermaids on my floor and downstairs two elevator operators and two porters and two door boys and one telephone operator. The managing director was looking at me hopefully as I passed out, but I gave nothing but a stare.

In Carlsbad the man in charge of the brand bank of the greatest and most gorgeous hotel followed me out to my taxicab and on the pretext that there was something wrong about a money transaction negotiated a few minutes previous. There was nothing wrong, and he knew it perfectly well. He was minus a tip-well, he did not get it. The elevator man in this fine hotel left his cage and followed me to where my baggage was packed and insisted in helping me put on a coat that I had no desire to put on; no telling what he would have forced me to do next if he had not "got his." The man at the door stood beside the car until we purred away, leaving him there tipless.

Sometimes, even with foreign exchange in our favor, money just won't stretch like rubber. Over here your shoes assume extraordinary importance. A shoe is not merely an article of wearing apparel, as it is at home. It is a standard for fixing monetary value. I've been in shops where they gave a quick glance at my shoes; I paid accordingly. According to whether or not they were American shoes.

It's really very simple. If you are wearing American shoes the prices go up. There's no camouflaging on American shoes. One may speak the language without detection and wear foreign-born clothes, but an American would rather go without shoes than attempt the foreign ones. And the shopkeepers are all perfectly and shrewdly aware of that important fact.

Speaking of clothes, I look out of my hotel window here in Budapest and gloat over the medley of outfits that make me think pleasantly of the Midway Plaisance—where all races exhibited their various preferences in the way of clothing—or absence of same. It makes one smile to reflect how one hundred million people in America seize upon successive styles and all wear them. They choose different materials and trimmings, but the poorest of the poor have just got to be in style—with silk stockings.

Mostly the peasants and poor people over here don't wear any stockings. I've seen men with pretty good clothes and low shoes without hose. All of the men go without hats in the summer. A minority, who probably want to show that they can afford hats, go about wearing them fastened to little tin hooks pinned to the front of their coats—snap hooks just like the wooden clothes pins in the laundry at home.

Some men have wide ribbon sashes with clothes otherwise perfectly conventional. A good many have wide leather belts with big silver buckles. In fact, each one wears anything he pleases. I've seen men wearing walking along the streets wearing exquisite embroidered shirts.

About half the female population of central Europe covers its collective head with those pretty little peasant shawls, or scarfs. Think of the saving in millinery bills! The shawls range from cotton through fine merino to silk. The black ones have big red roses. Americans buy them for table covers.

The upper crust among the women—no, I mean the middle crust—wear bad imitations of Paris fashions. But the women of the working class remain serenely untroubled by changing styles. Their styles haven't changed for a thousand years. I know absolutely that the full skirts they wear would measure five yards around. Every peasant woman wears such a skirt, with a blouse of another color and her big handkerchief tied over her head.

For the next stratum, the wives of the working men in town, there is another kind of dress—practically made of one of those fascinating foreign black calicoes speckled with little pink flowers. This dress has a tight bodice buttoning down the front with a full-gathered skirt attached.

Just at this moment my eye wanders from the colorful street—or rather embankment of the Danube—to the interior of my room, so I'll just tell you about the bed. Such a funny-looking bed. It has two enormous pillows that entirely cover the top. The big, thick blanket has buttons all around it and the linen sheet is buttoned tight to the blanket. I'll wager the chamber maid says something about me, for every night I give the sheet its freedom and every morning she buttons it in again.